# DESIGNS, &c.

G.R. III.

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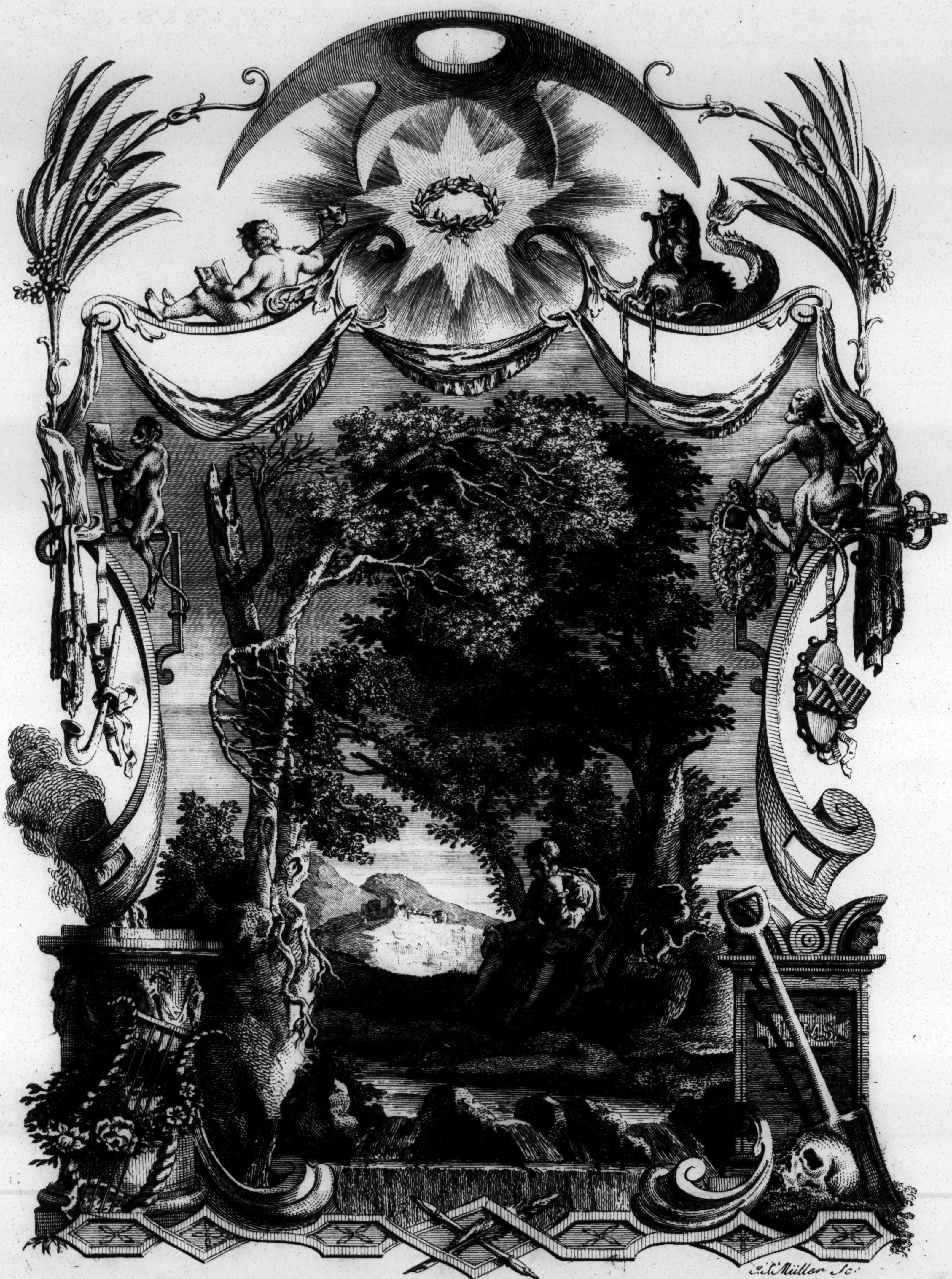

J. S. Müller Sc.

82(7

# DESIGNS

BY

Mr. R. BENTLEY,

FOR SIX

# POEMS

BY

Mr. T. GRAY.

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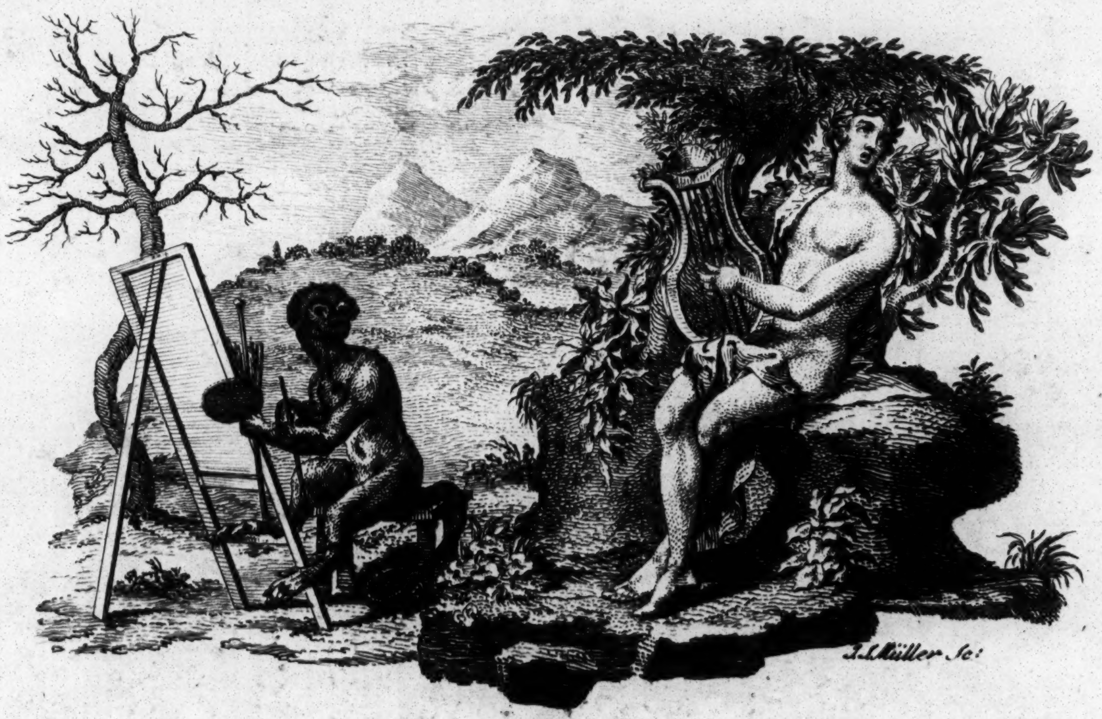

J. S. Müller Sc:

LONDON:
Printed for J. Dodsley, in Pall-Mall. 1765.

# EXPLANATION
## OF THE
# PRINTS.

## ODE on the SPRING.

### FRONTISPIECE.

A Figure muſing, &c. The ornaments allude to the chief ſubjects of the poems, as the altar, chaplet of flowers and ruſtic pipe, to this ode: a boy with a hobby-horſe and a book, to that on Eton: a cat-Arion, or a cat with a lyre ſitting on a dolphin's back, to that line on the death of a cat

*No Dolphin came, no Nereid ſtirr'd:*

a monkey with a violin and lawyer's wig, to my lord keeper Hatton's dancing, in the Long Story: a Roman ſepulchral altar inſcribed Diis Manibus Sacrum, with a ſpade and ſkull, to the elegy. The monkey painting, the lyre, the pen and crayon, are alluſive to the poems and drawings.

HEADPIECE.] The Graces and Zephyrs ſporting.

INITIAL LETTER.] Flowers.

TAILPIECE.] A landſcape with herds repoſing.

# EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS.

## ODE on the Death of a Favourite CAT.

### FRONTISPIECE.

THE cat ſtanding on the brim of the tub, and endeavouring to catch a gold fiſh. Two cariatides of a river god ſtopping his ears to her cries, and Deſtiny cutting the nine threads of life, are on each ſide. Above, is a cat's head between two expiring lamps, and over that, two mouſe-traps, between a mandarin-cat ſitting before a Chineſe pagoda, and angling for gold fiſh into a china jar; and another cat drawing up a net. At the bottom are mice enjoying themſelves on the proſpect of the cat's death; a lyre and pallet.

HEADPIECE.] The cat almoſt drowned in the tub. A ſtandiſh on a table to write her elegy. Two cats as mourners with hatbands and ſtaves. Dead birds, mice and fiſh hung up on each ſide.

INITIAL LETTER.] The cat, demureſt of the tabby kind, dozing in an elbow chair.

TAILPIECE.] Charon ferrying over the ghoſt of the deceaſed cat, who ſets up her back on ſeeing Cerberus on the ſhore.

* * *

## ODE on the diſtant Proſpect of ETON.

### FRONTISPIECE.

BOYS at their ſports, near the chapel of Eton, the god of the Thames ſitting by: the paſſions, misfortunes, and diſeaſes, coming down upon them. On either ſide, terms repreſenting Jealouſy and Madneſs. Above is a head of Folly; beneath, are play-things intermixed with thorns, a ſword, a ſerpent and a ſcorpion.

## EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS.

**HEADPIECE.**] Science adoring the ſhade of Henry VIth. Two angels bearing ſhields inſcribed with that king's name ſupport a Gothic building, in alluſion to his foundations at Eton and Cambridge.

**INITIAL LETTER.**] Part of Windſor-caſtle.

**TAILPIECE.**] Two boys dreſt in watermen's cloaths, rowing another. A view of Eton college at a diſtance.

## THE LONG STORY.

### FRONTISPIECE.

THE Muſes conveying the Poet under their hoops to a ſmall cloſet in the garden. Fame in the ſhape of Mr. P---- is flying before; and after him the two female warriors, as deſcribed in the verſes. On one ſide is my lord keeper Hatton dancing; and among the ornaments are the heads of the Pope and queen Elizabeth nodding at one another; behind him is a papal bull, a phial of ſublimate, a dagger and a crucifix; behind her the cannon called queen Elizabeth's pocket-piſtol.

**HEADPIECE.**] A view of the houſe which formerly belonged to the earls of Huntingdon and lord keeper Hatton.

**INITIAL LETTER.**] A coronet, fan, muff and tippet, in the manner of Hollar.

**TAILPIECE.**] Ghoſts of ancient ladies and old maids peeping over the gallery.

HYMN

## EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS.

## HYMN to ADVERSITY.

JUPITER delivering infant Virtue to Adverſity to be educated. Minerva and Hercules on each ſide.

Headpiece.] Adverſity diſturbing the Orgies of Folly, Noiſe and Laughter.

Initial Letter.] A Gorgon's head, and inſtruments of puniſhment.

Tailpiece.] Melancholy.

## ELEGY Written in a Country Church-yard.

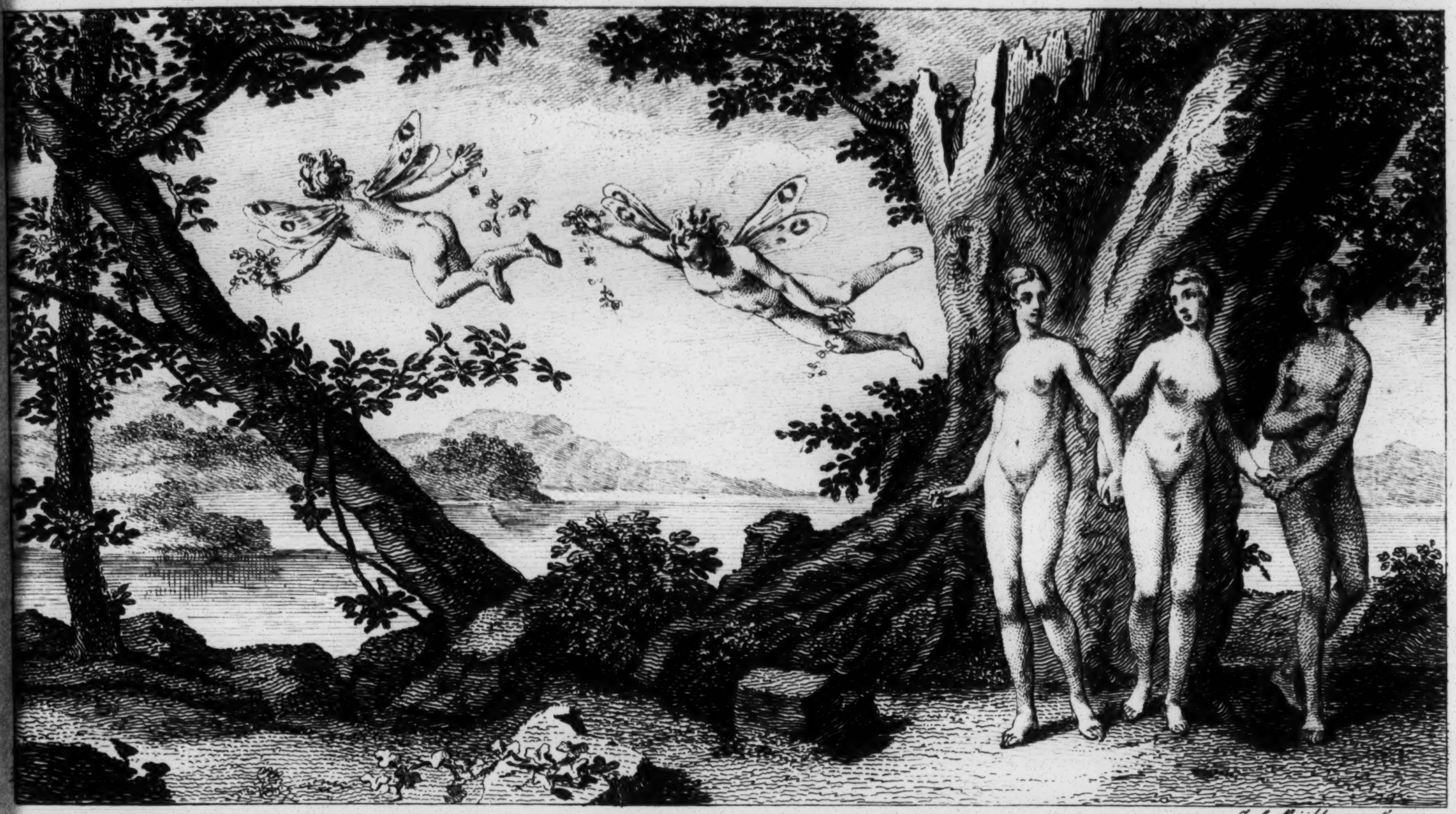
### FRONTISPIECE.

A Gothic gateway in ruins with the emblems of nobility on one ſide; on the other, the implements and employments of the Poor. Thro' the arch appears a church-yard and village-church built out of the remains of an abbey. A countryman ſhowing an epitaph to a paſſenger.

Headpiece.] Country-labours.

Initial Letter.] An owl diſturbed and flying from a ruinous tower.

Tailpiece.] A country burial. At bottom, a torch fallen into an ancient vault.



J. S. Müller. Sc.

# O D E.

LO! where the roſy-boſom'd Hours,
Fair VENUS' train appear,
Diſcloſe the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Reſponſive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of ſpring:
While whiſp'ring pleaſure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue ſky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches ſtretch
A broader browner ſhade;
Where'er the rude and moſs-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade;
Beſide ſome water's ruſhy brink
With me the Muſe ſhall ſit, and think
(At eaſe reclin'd in ruſtic ſtate)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

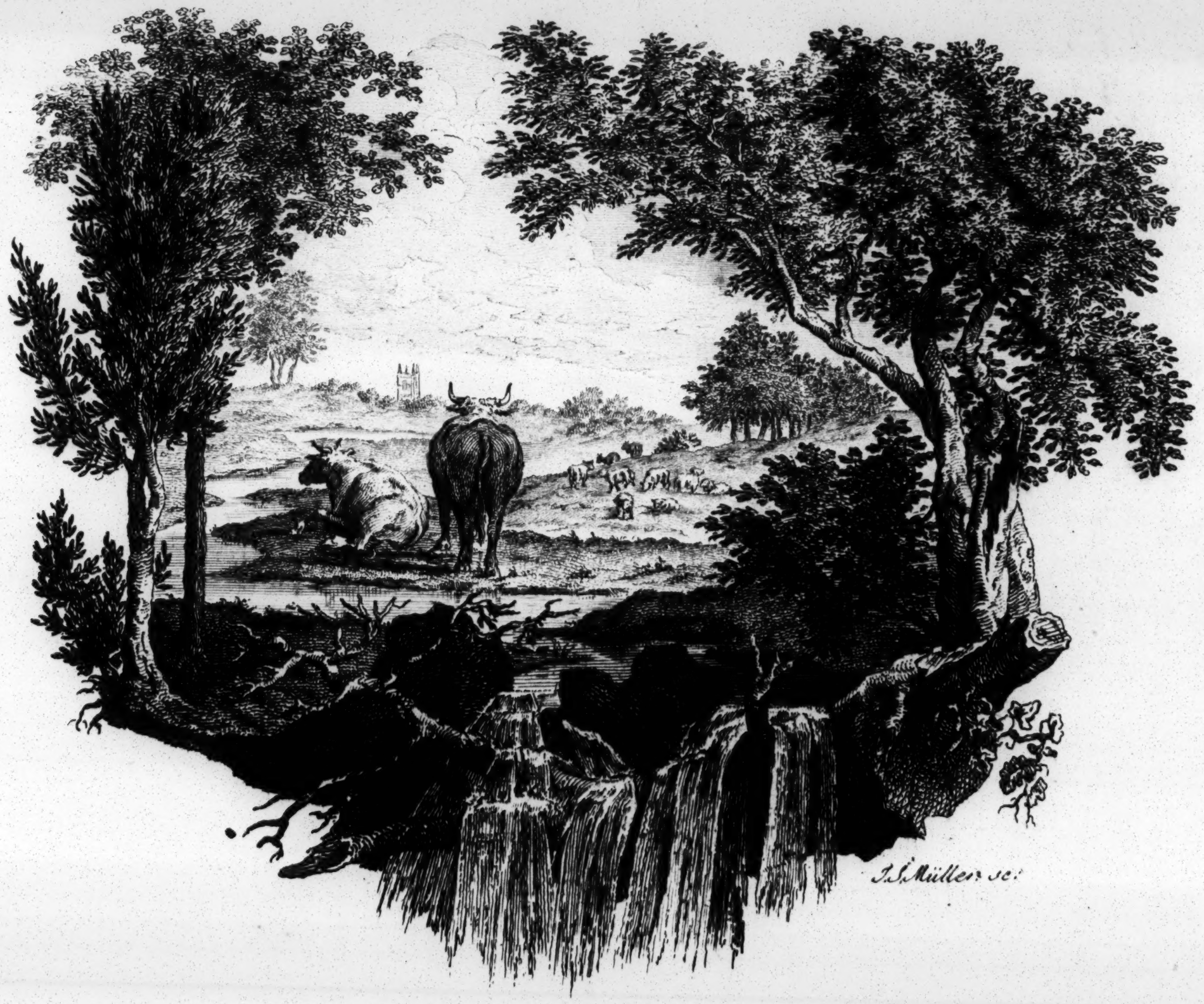
Still is the toiling hand of Care:
The panting herds repoſe:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The buſy murmur glows!
The inſect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taſte the honied ſpring,

And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current ſkim,
Some ſhew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the ſun.

To Contemplation's ſober eye
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Buſy and the Gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours dreſt:
Bruſh'd by the hand of rough Miſchance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in duſt to reſt.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The ſportive kind reply:
Poor moraliſt! and what art thou?
A ſolitary fly!

Thy Joys no glittering female meets,
No hive haſt thou of hoarded ſweets,
No painted plumage to diſplay:
On haſty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy ſun is ſet, thy ſpring is gone - - - -
We frolick, while 'tis May.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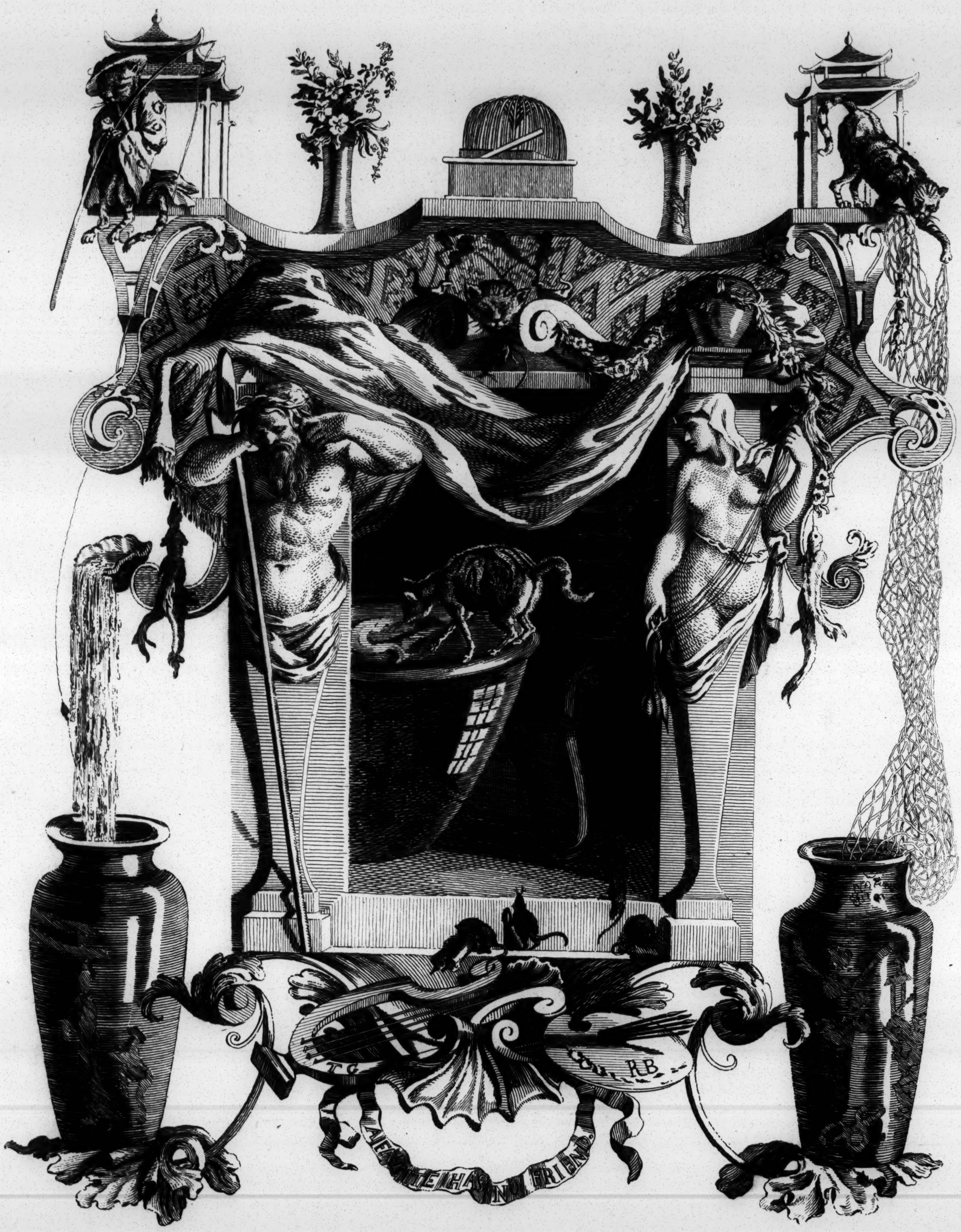
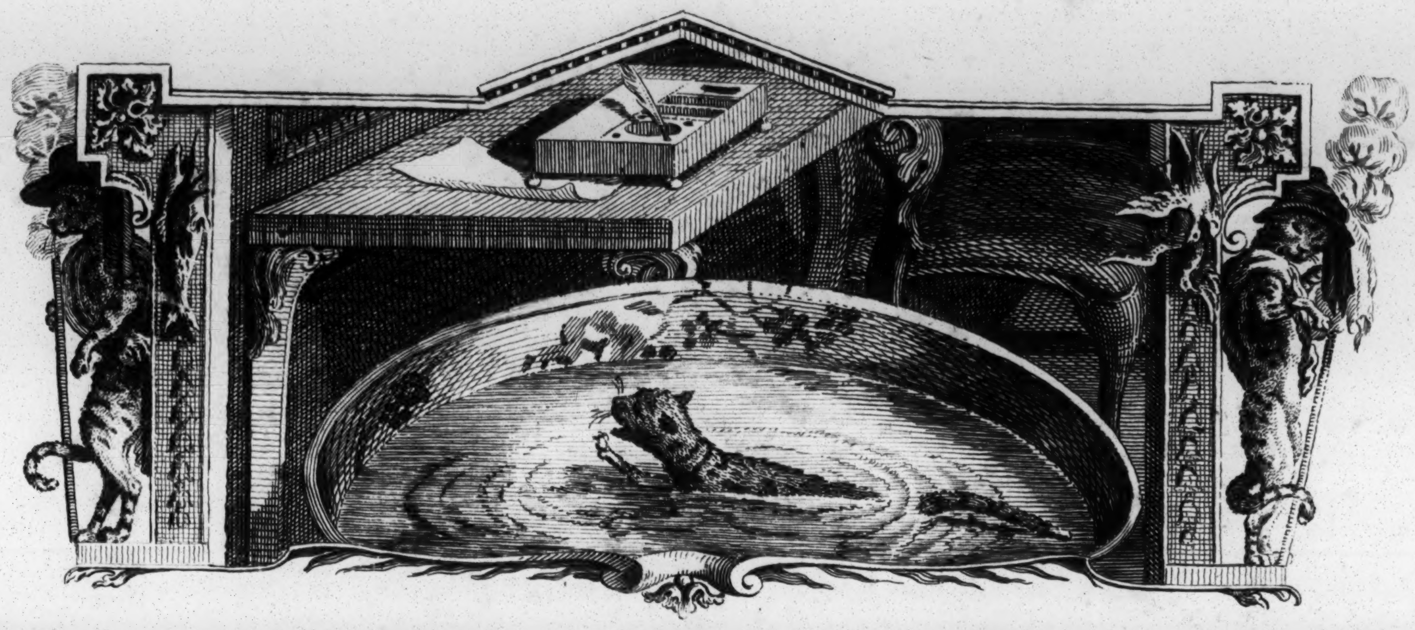

T G
R B
A FA ITE HAS NO FRIEND



# ODE

## On the Death of a Favourite CAT,

### Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fiſhes.

TWAS on a lofty vaſe's ſide,
Where China's gayeſt art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demureſt of the tabby kind,
The penſive Selima reclin'd,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conſcious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the ſnowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoiſe vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She ſaw; and purr'd applauſe.

Still had ſhe gaz'd : but 'midſt the tide
Two angel forms were ſeen to glide,
  The Genii of the ſtream :
Their ſcaly armour's Tyrian hue
Thro' richeſt purple to the view
  Betray'd a golden gleam.

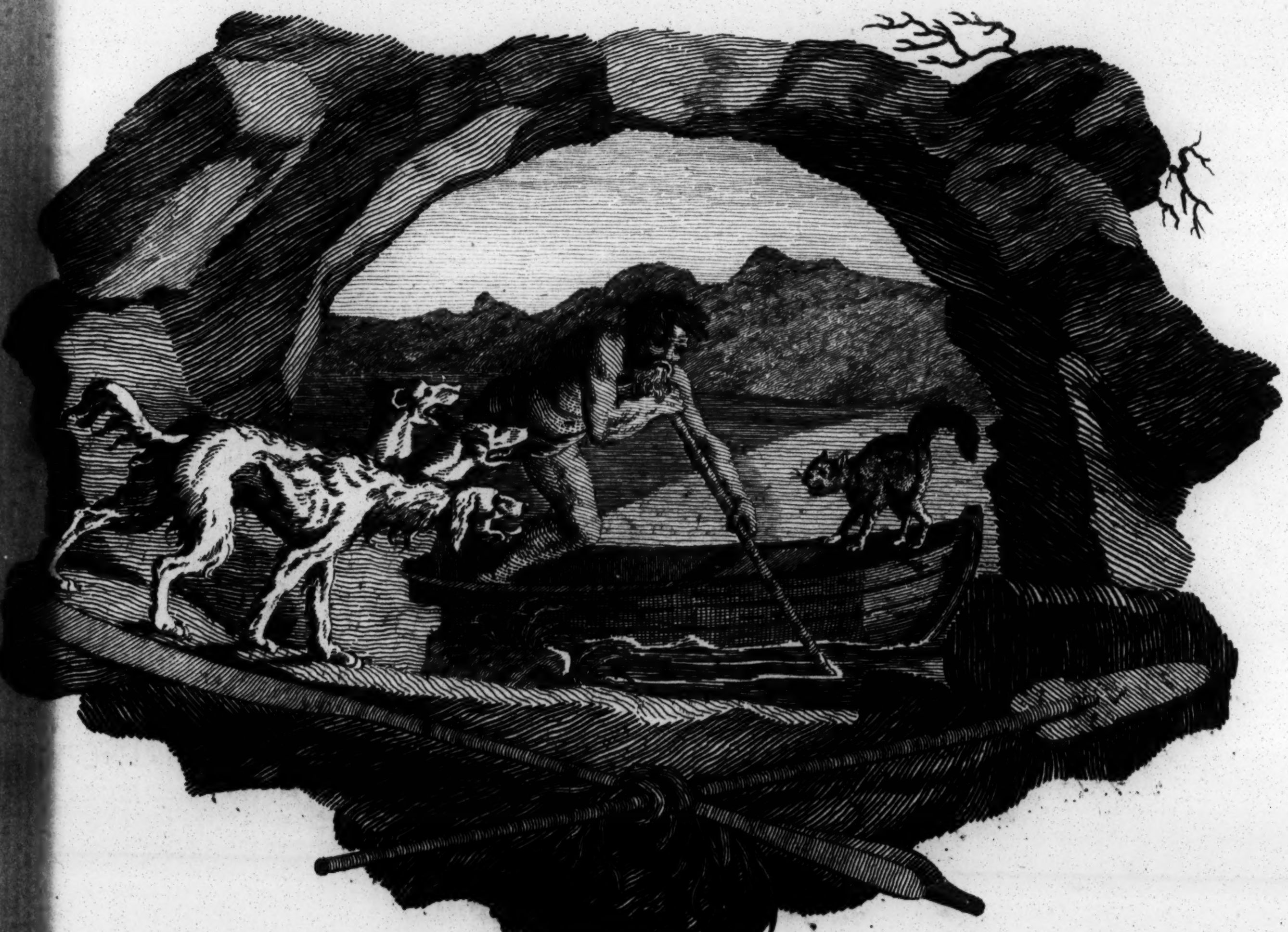
The hapleſs Nymph with wonder ſaw :
A whiſker firſt and then a claw,
  With many an ardent wiſh,
She ſtretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold deſpiſe ?
  What Cat's averſe to fiſh ?

Preſumptuous Maid ! with looks intent
Again ſhe ſtretch'd, again ſhe bent,
  Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate ſat by, and ſmil'd)
The ſlipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
  She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry watry God,
  Some ſpeedy aid to ſend.

No Dolphin came, no Nereid ſtirr'd:
Nor cruel *Tom*, nor *Suſan* heard.
A Fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one falſe ſtep is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedleſs hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all, that gliſters, gold.



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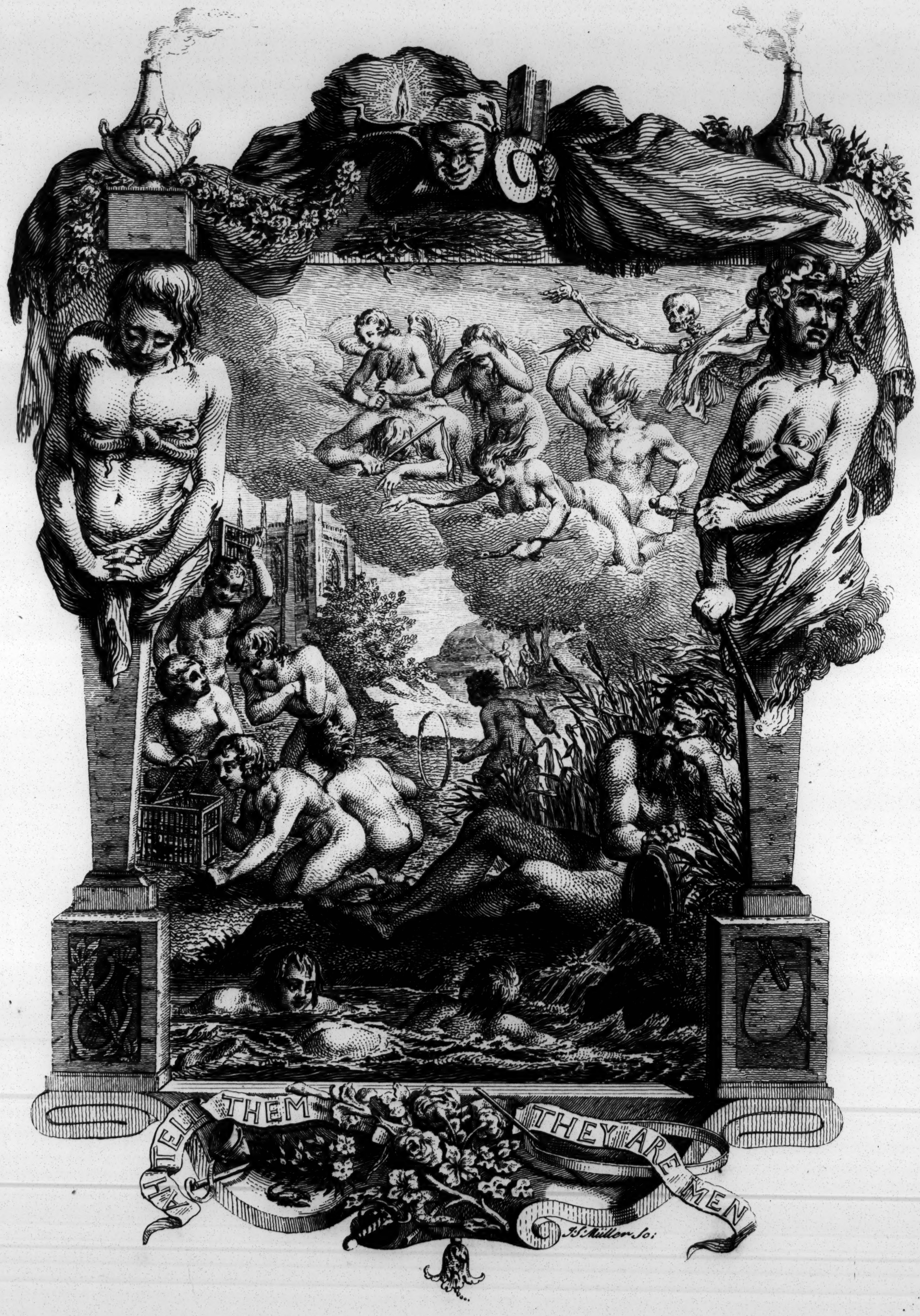
AH TELL THEM THEY ARE MEN
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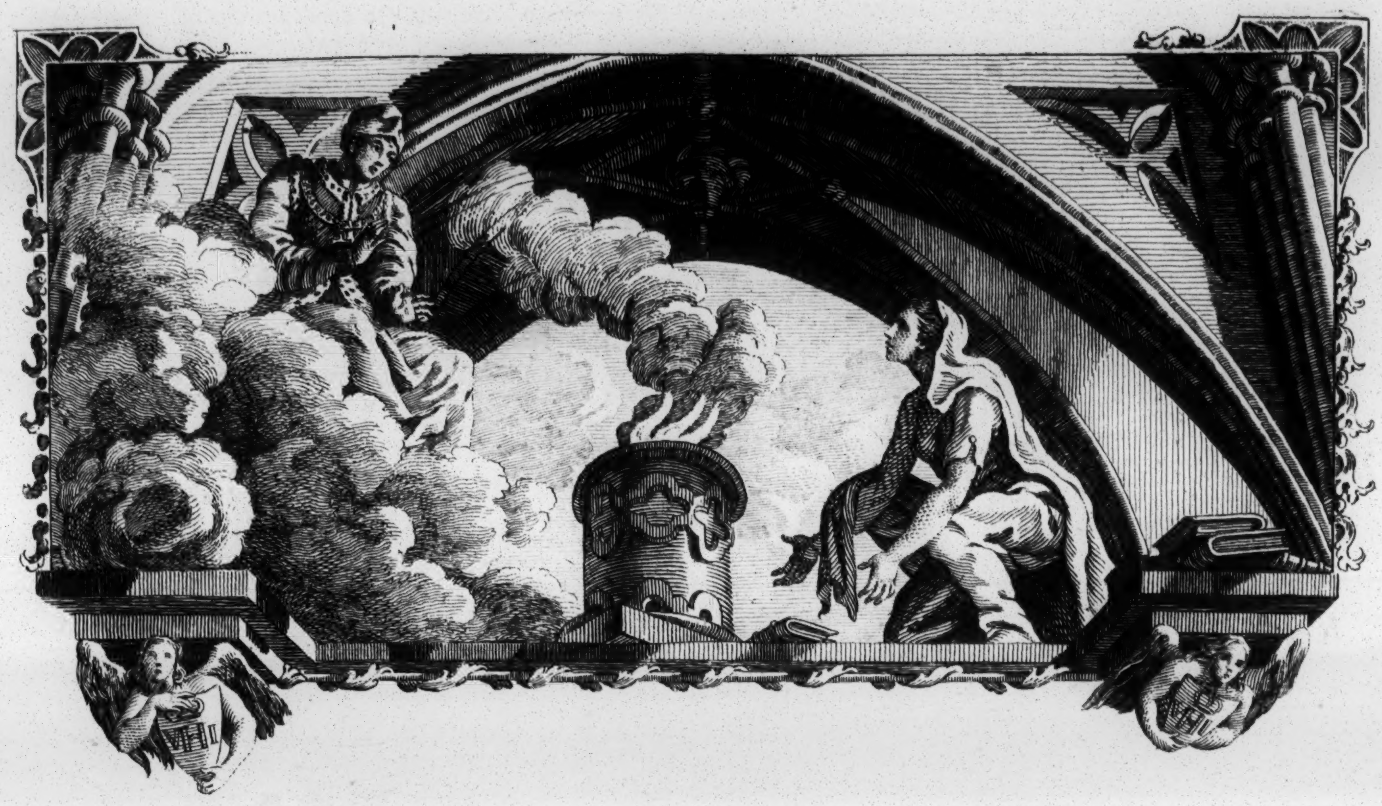
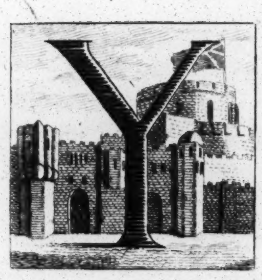


# ODE

## On a Diſtant Proſpect of

## *ETON* COLLEGE.



YE diſtant ſpires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watry glade,
Where grateful Science ſtill adores
Her HENRY's holy Shade;
And ye, that from the ſtately brow
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanſe below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead ſurvey,
Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His ſilver-winding way.

Ah happy hills, ah pleaſing ſhade,
Ah fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careleſs childhood ſtray'd,
A ſtranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliſs beſtow,
As waving freſh their gladſome wing,
My weary ſoul they ſeem to ſooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breath a ſecond ſpring.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou haſt ſeen
Full many a ſprightly race
Diſporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleaſure trace,
Who foremoſt now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glaſſy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny ſucceed
To chaſe the rolling circle's ſpeed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While ſome on earneſt buſineſs bent
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainſt graver hours, that bring conſtraint
To ſweeten liberty :
Some bold adventurers diſdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare deſcry :
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And ſnatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Leſs pleaſing when poſſeſt ;
The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed,
The ſunſhine of the breaſt :
Theirs buxom health of roſy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively chear of vigour born ;
The thoughtleſs day, the eaſy night,
The ſpirits pure, the ſlumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardleſs of their doom,
The little victims play!
No ſenſe have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet ſee how all around 'em wait
The Miniſters of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, ſhew them where in ambuſh ſtand
To ſeize their prey the murth'rous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These ſhall the fury Paſſions tear,
The vulturs of the mind,
Diſdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that ſculks behind;
Or pineing Love ſhall waſte their youth,
Or Jealouſy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the ſecret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-viſag'd comfortleſs Deſpair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this ſhall tempt to riſe,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a ſacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The ſtings of Falſhood thoſe ſhall try,
And hard Unkindneſs' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorſe with blood defil'd,
And moody Madneſs laughing wild
Amid ſevereſt woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grieſly troop are ſeen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring ſinew ſtrains,
Thoſe in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the ſoul with icy hand,
And ſlow-conſuming Age.

To each his ſuff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain;
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why ſhould they know their fate?
Since ſorrow never comes too late,
And happineſs too ſwiftly flies.
Thought would deſtroy their paradiſe.
No more; where ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis folly to be wiſe.

G.R. III.
BRITISH MUSEUM

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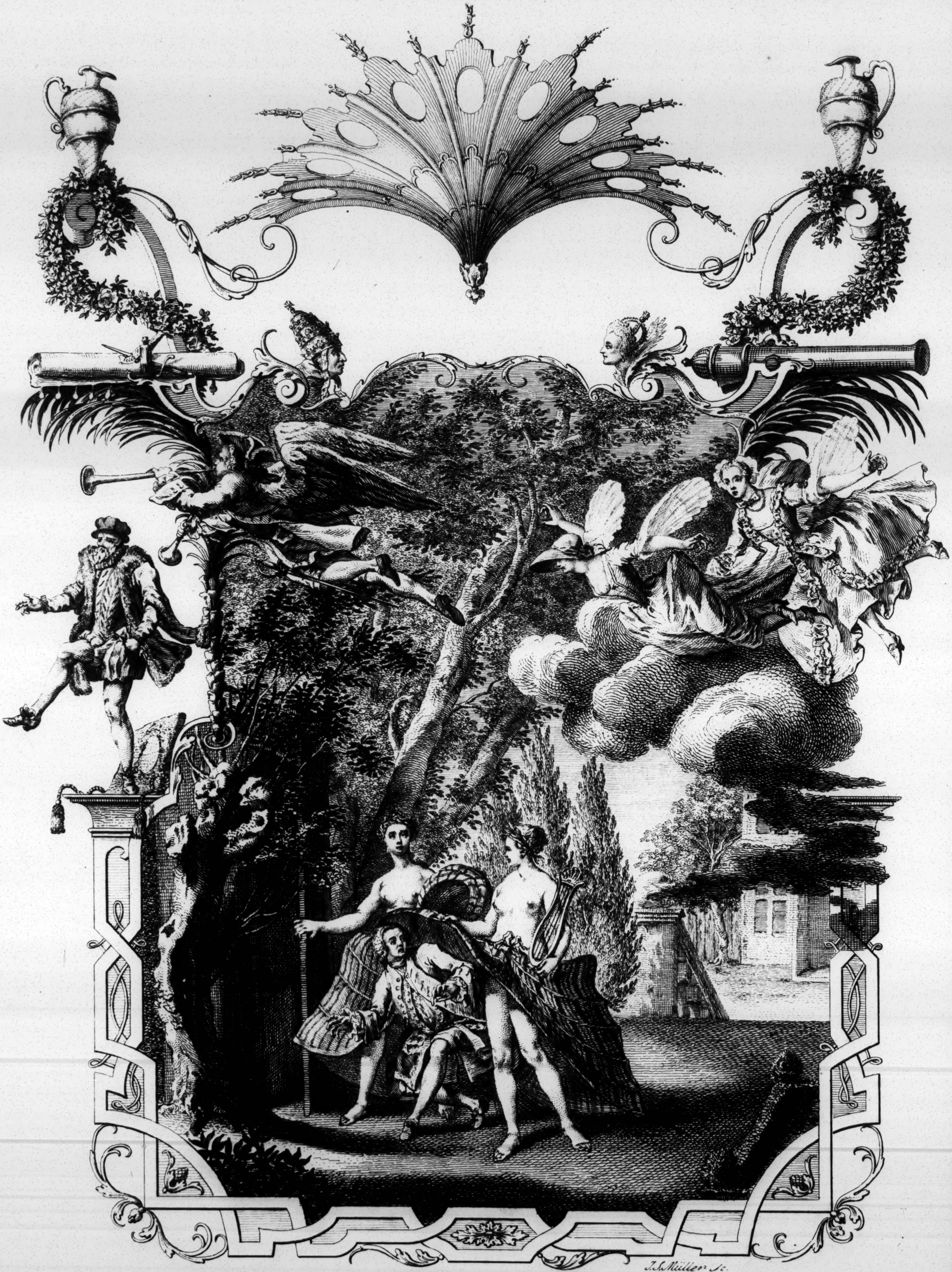
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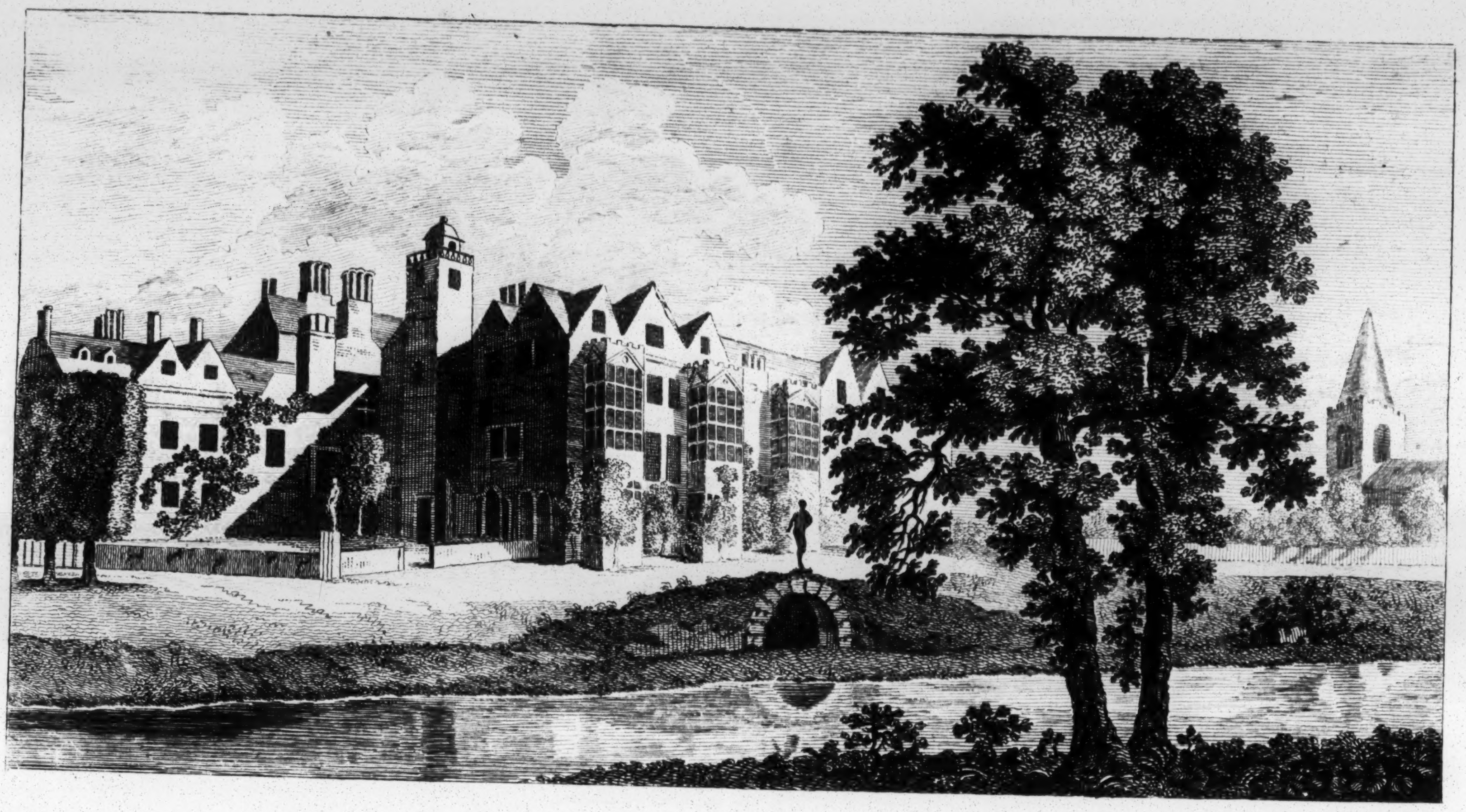


# A LONG STORY.

IN BRITAIN's Iſle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building ſtands:
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of Fairy hands

To raiſe the cieling's fretted height,
Each pannel in achievements cloathing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And paſſages, that lead to nothing.

Full

[illegible]

Full oft within the ſpatious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave [*] Lord-Keeper led the Brawls:
The Seal, and Maces, danc'd before him.

His buſhy beard, and ſhoe-ſtrings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and ſattin-doublet,
Mov'd the ſtout heart of England's Queen,
Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very firſt beginning!
Shame of the verſifying tribe!
Your Hiſt'ry whither are you ſpinning?
Can you do nothing but deſcribe?

A Houſe there is, (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning iſſues
A brace of Warriors, not in buff,
But ruſtling in their ſilks and tiſſues.

---

[*] Hatton, prefer'd by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful Perſon and fine Dancing.

The firſt came cap-a-pee from France
Her conqu'ring deſtiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner Beauties eye aſkance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind Heaven
Had arm'd with ſpirit, wit, and ſatire:
But COBHAM had the poliſh given,
And tip'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air - - - - -
Coarſe panegyricks would but teaze her.
Meliſſa is her Nom de Guerre.
Alas, who would not wiſh to pleaſe her!

With bonnet blue and capucine,
And aprons long they hid their armour,
And veil'd their weapons bright and keen
In pity to the country-farmer.

Fame in the ſhape of Mr. P - - -t
(By this time all the Pariſh know it)
Had told, that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked Imp they call a Poet,

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peaſants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And ſuck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheaſants.

My Lady heard their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd iſſue out her high commiſſion
To rid the manor of ſuch vermin.

The Heroines undertook the taſk,
Thro' lanes unknown, o'er ſtiles they ventur'd,
Rap'd at the door, nor ſtay'd to aſk,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they ſing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his Mother, pinch his Aunt,
And up ſtairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-ſkurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and teſter clamber,

Into the Drawers and China pry,
Papers and books, a huge Imbroglio!
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
Or creas'd, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the firſt marching of the troops
The Muſes, hopeleſs of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
To a ſmall cloſet in the garden.

So Rumor ſays. (Who will, believe.)
But that they left the door a-jarr,
Where, ſafe and laughing in his ſleeve,
He heard the diſtant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew,
The power of Magick was no fable.
Out of the window, whiſk, they flew,
But left a ſpell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle
The Poet felt a ſtrange diſorder :
Tranſparent birdlime form'd the middle,
And chains inviſible the border.

So cunning was the Apparatus,
The powerful pothooks did ſo move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the Great-houſe
He went, as if the Devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no ſign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he prefer'd his caſe,
And beg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The Godhead would have back'd his quarrel,
But with a bluſh on recollection
Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainſt four ſuch eyes were no protection.

The Court was ſate, the Culprit there,
Forth from their gloomy manſions creeping
The Lady *Janes* and *Joans* repair,
And from the gallery ſtand peeping:

Such as in ſilence of the night
Come (ſweep) along ſome winding entry
([b] *Styack* has often ſeen the ſight)
Or at the chappel-door ſtand ſentry;

In

---

[b] The HOUSE-KEEPER.

In peaked hoods and mantles tarniſh'd,
Sour viſages, enough to ſcare ye,
High Dames of honour once, that garniſh'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary!

The Peereſs comes. The Audience ſtare,
And doff their hats with due ſubmiſſion:
She curtſies, as ſhe takes her chair,
To all the People of condition.

The Bard with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fenc'd him,
Diſproved the arguments of [c] *Squib*,
And all that [d] *Groom* could urge againſt him

But ſoon his rhetorick forſook him,
When he the ſolemn hall had ſeen;
A ſudden fit of ague ſhook him,
He ſtood as mute as poor [e] *Macleane*.

---

[c] *Groom of the Chambers.*

[d] *The Steward.*

[e] *A famous Highwayman hang'd the week before.*

Yet ſomething he was heard to mutter,
'How in the park beneath an old-tree
'(Without deſign to hurt the butter,
'Or any malice to the poultry,)

'He once or twice had pen'd a ſonnet;
'Yet hoped, that he might ſave his bacon:
'Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
'He ne'er was for a conj'rer taken.

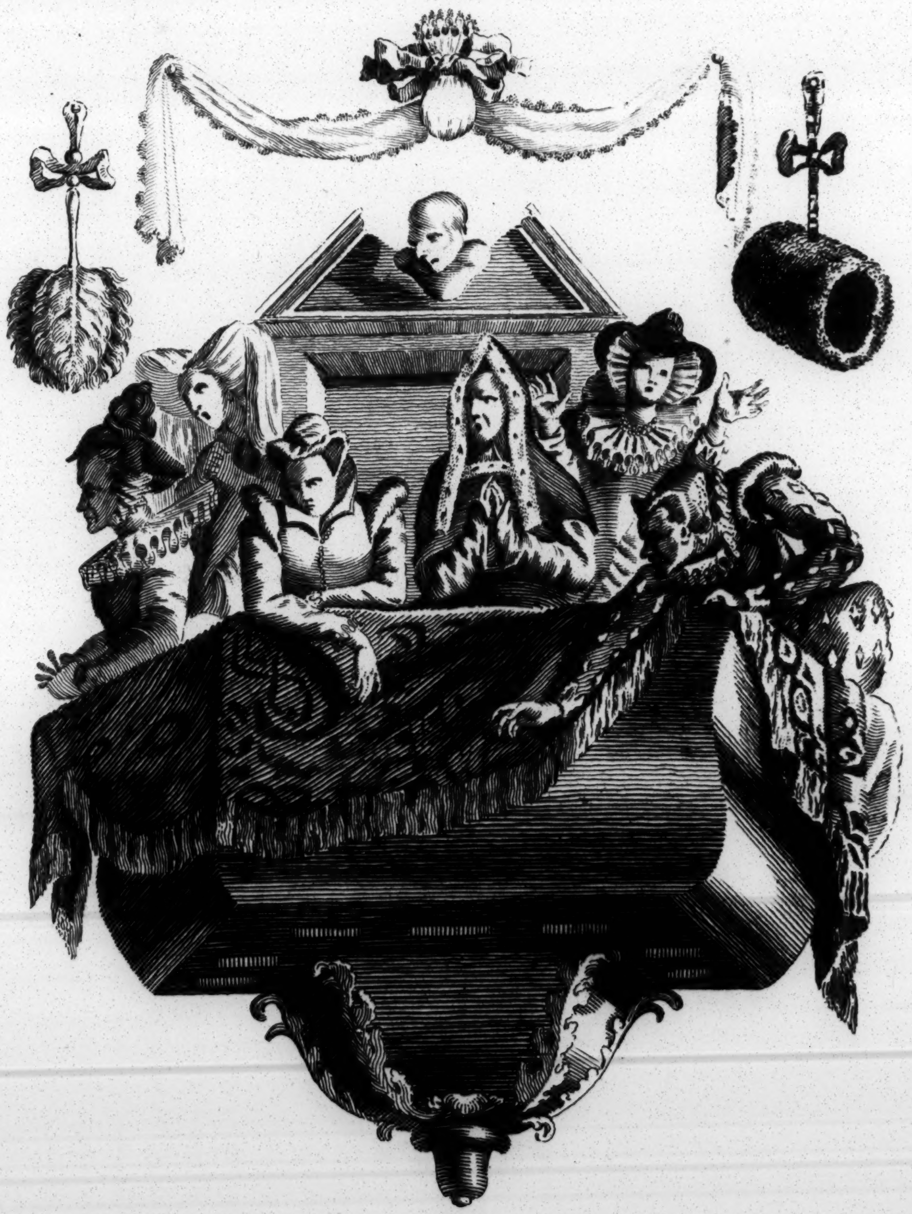
The ghoſtly Prudes with hagged face
Already had condemn'd the ſinner.
My Lady roſe, and with a grace----
She ſmiled, and bid him come to dinner.

'Jeſu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
'Why, what can the Viconteſs mean?
(Cried the ſquare Hoods in woful fidget)
'The times are alter'd quite and clean!

‘ Decorum's turn'd to mere civility ;
‘ Her air and all her manners ſhew it.
‘ Commend me to her affability !
‘ Speak to a Commoner and Poet !

[ *Here* 500 *Stanzas are loſt.* ]

And ſo God ſave our noble King,
And guard us from long-winded Lubbers,
That to eternity would ſing,
And keep my Lady from her Rubbers.



G.R. III.

G.R. III
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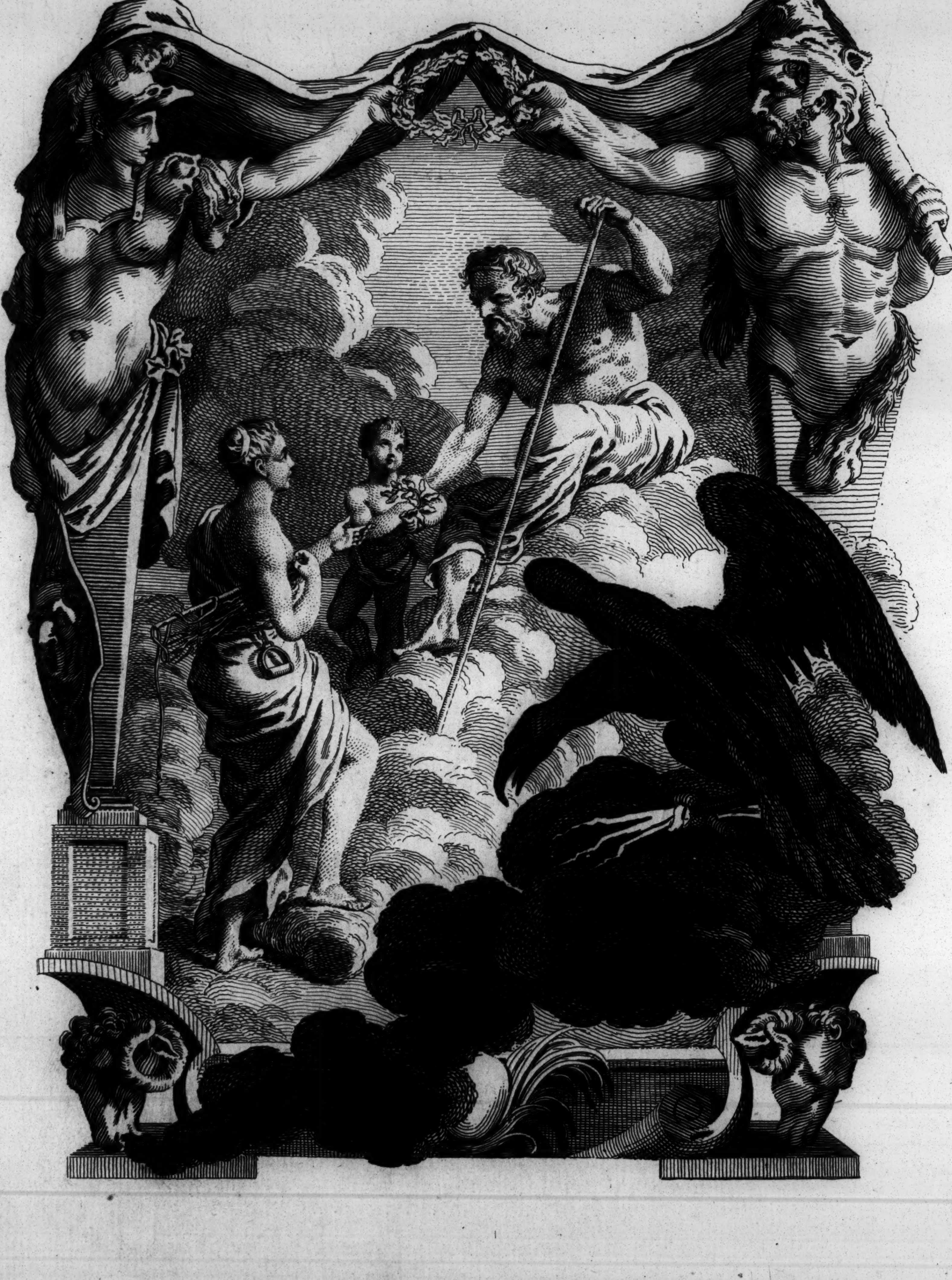

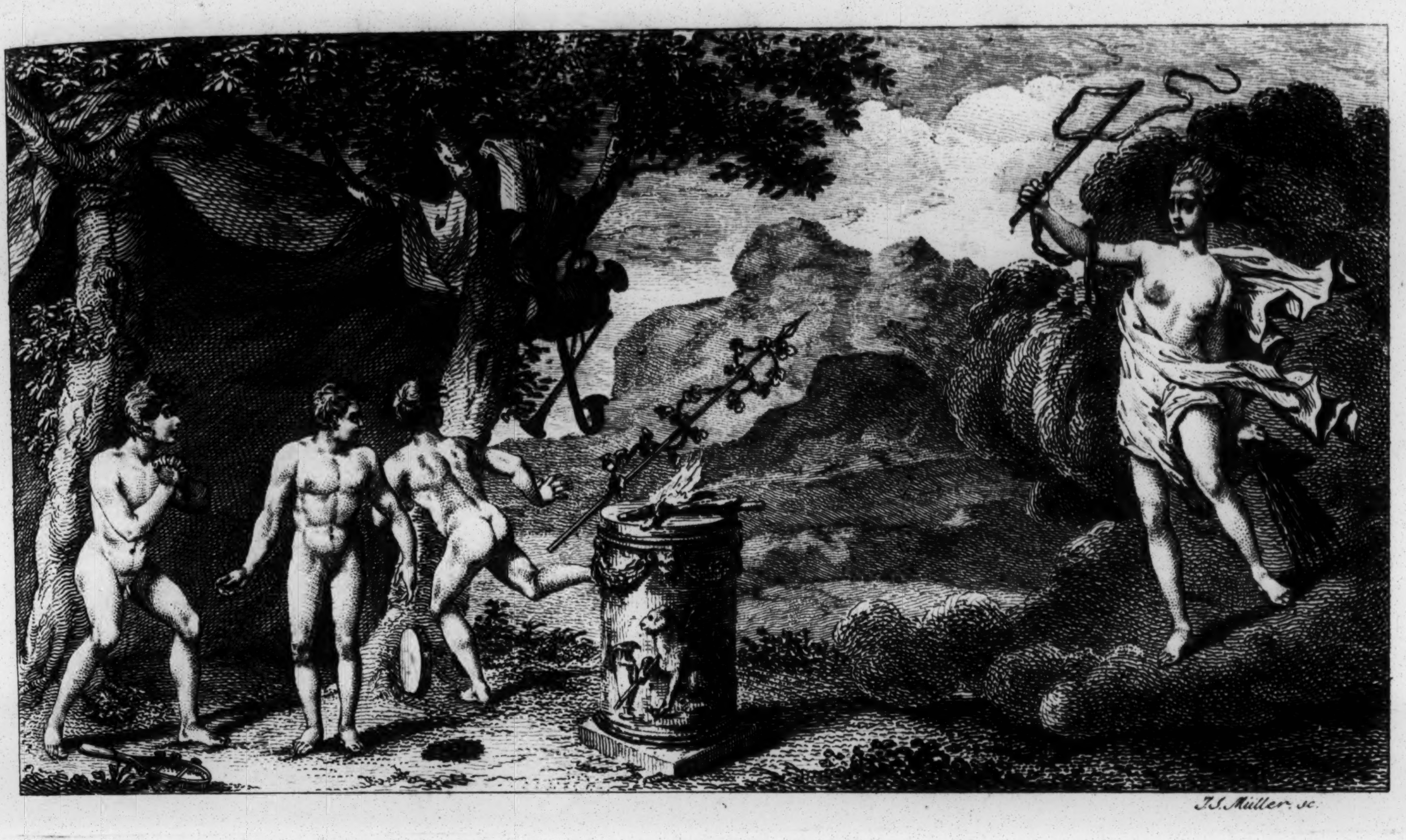

J.S. Müller sc.

# HYMN to ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of JOVE, relentleſs Power,
Thou Tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge and tort'ring hour
The Bad affright, afflict the Beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The Proud are taught to taſte of pain,
And purple Tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When

G R III
[illegible]

When firſt thy Sire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling Child, deſign'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly Birth,
And bad to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged Nurſe ! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore :
What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know,
And from her own ſhe learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleaſing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noiſe, and thoughtleſs Joy,
And leave us leiſure to be good.
Light they diſperſe, and with them go
The ſummer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe ;
By vain Proſperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wiſdom in ſable garb array'd
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, ſilent maid
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend:
Warm Charity, the gen'ral Friend,
With Juſtice to herſelf ſevere,
And Pity, dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

Oh, gently on thy Suppliant's head,
Dread Goddeſs, lay thy chaſt'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful Band
(As by the Impious thou art ſeen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With ſcreaming Horror's funeral cry,
Deſpair, and fell Diſeaſe, and ghaſtly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddeſs, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philoſophic Train be there
To ſoften, not to wound my heart,
The gen'rous ſpark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to ſcan,
What others are, to feel, and know myſelf a Man.

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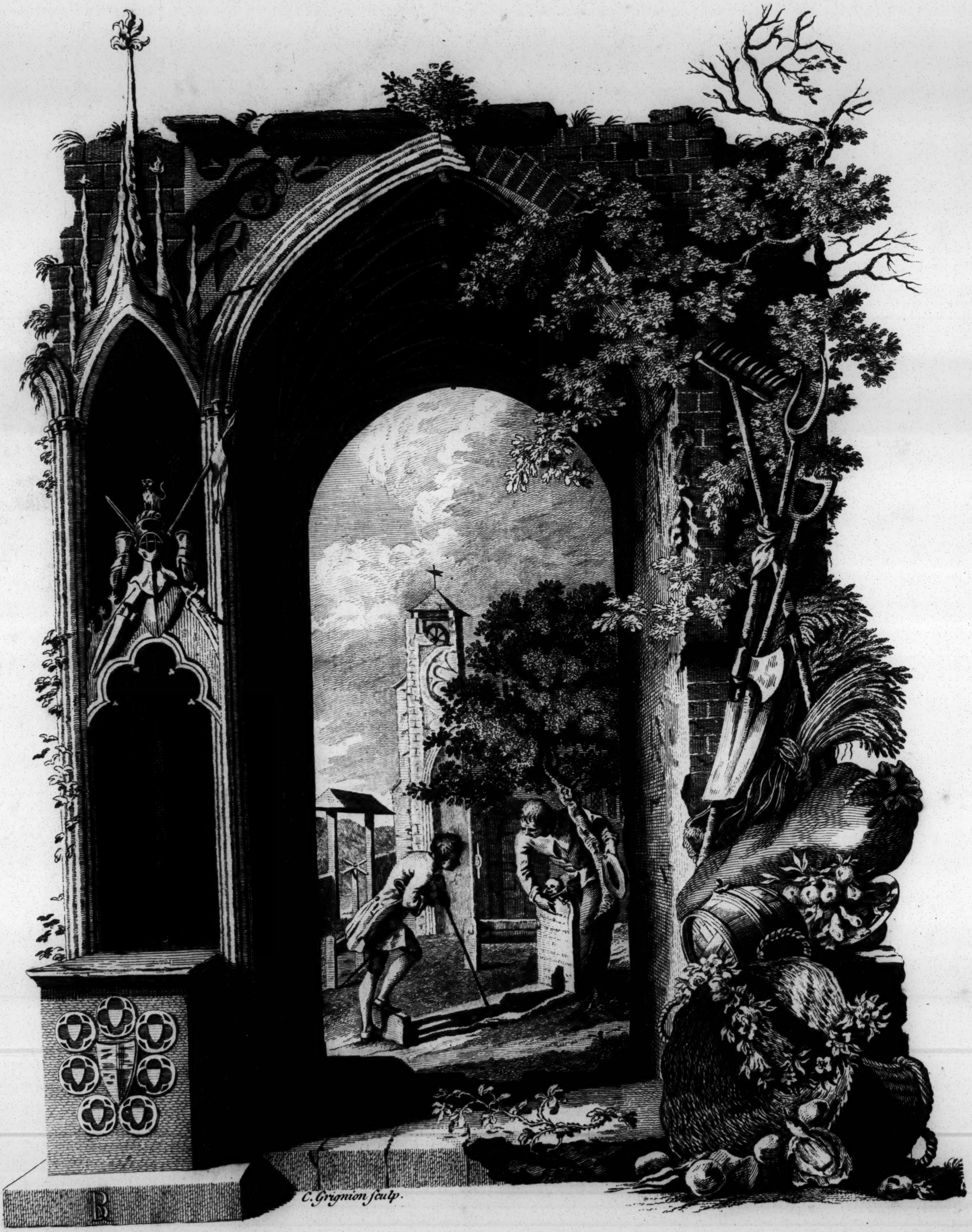

C. Grignion sculp.

C. Grignion Sculp.

# ELEGY

## WRITTEN IN A

## COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The mopeing owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing Morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the ecchoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſwife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to Theſe the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of Death!

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire,
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little Tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to dye.

For who to dumb Forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Aſhes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit ſhall inquire thy fate,

Haply ſome hoary-headed Swain may ſay,
'Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
'Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away
'To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

‘ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
‘ That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
‘ His liſtleſs length at noontide wou’d he ſtretch,
‘ And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

‘ Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
‘ Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he wou’d rove,
‘ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
‘ Or craz’d with care, or croſs’d in hopeleſs love.

‘ One morn I miſs’d him on the cuſtom’d hill,
‘ Along the heath and near his fav’rite tree ;
‘ Another came ; nor yet beſide the rill,
‘ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he,

‘ The next with dirges due in ſad array
‘ Slow thro’ the church-way path we ſaw him born.
‘ Approach and read (for thou can’ſt read) the lay,
‘ Grav’d on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn.

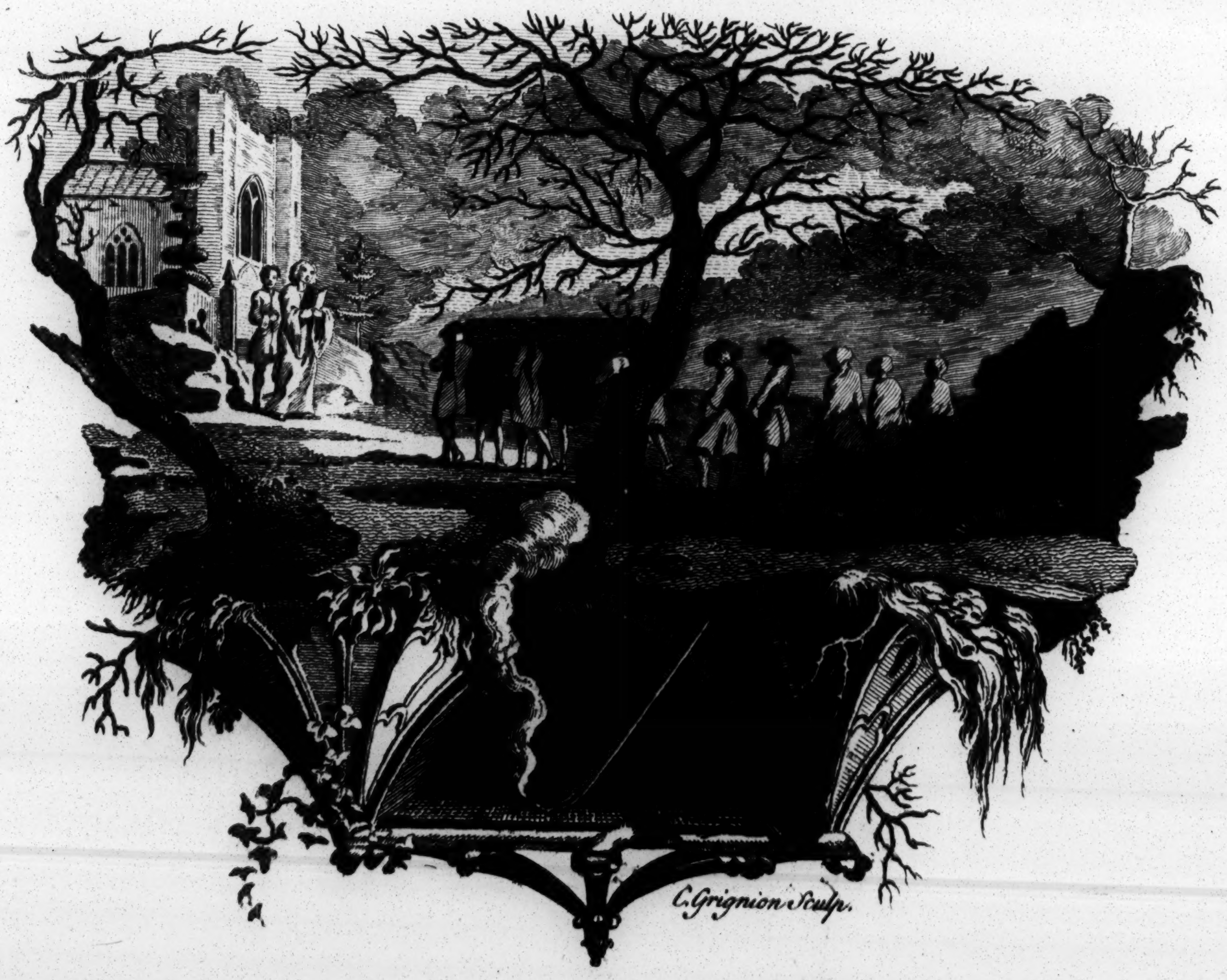
G.R. III.
BRITISH MUSEUM

## The EPITAPH.

*HERE reſts his head upon the lap of Earth*
*A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,*
*Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,*
*And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,*
*Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:*
*He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,*
*He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.*

*No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,*
*Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,*
*(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)*
*The boſom of his Father and his God.*


C. Grignion Sculp.

G.R. III
BRITISH MUSEUM

# ODES

BY

## Mr. GRAY.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙ———

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

x

G.R. III.
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# ODE.

### I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian Lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling ſtrings.
From Helicon's harmonious ſprings
A thouſand rills their mazy progreſs take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich ſtream of muſic winds along,
Deep, majeſtic, ſmooth, and ſtrong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the ſteep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, ſee it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh ! Sovereign of the willing ſoul,
Parent of ſweet and ſolemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting ſhell ! the ſullen Cares,
And frantic Paſſions hear thy ſoft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War,
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirſty lance at thy command.
Perching on the ſcept'red hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :
Quench'd in dark clouds of ſlumber lie
The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The roſy-crowned Loves are ſeen
On Cytherea's day

With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleaſures,
Friſking light in frolic meaſures;
Now purſuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To briſk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting ſtrains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er ſhe turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms ſublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding ſtate ſhe wins her eaſy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and riſing boſom, move
The bloom of young Deſire, and purple light of Love.

### II. 1.

Man's feeble race what Ills await,
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Diſeaſe, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, ſad refuge from the ſtorms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my Song, diſprove,
And juſtify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muſe?
Night, and all her ſickly dews,

Her Spectres wan, and Birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary ſky :
Till down the eaſtern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they ſpy, and glitt'ring ſhafts of war.

### II. 2.

In climes beyond the ſolar road,
Where ſhaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muſe has broke the twilight-gloom
To chear the ſhiv'ring Native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous ſhade
Of Chili's boundleſs foreſts laid,
She deigns to hear the ſavage Youth repeat
In looſe numbers wildly ſweet
Their feather-cinctured Chiefs, and duſky Loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddeſs roves,
Glory purſue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

### II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's ſteep,
Iſles, that crown th' Egæan deep,

Fields, that cool Iliſſus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering Lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echo's languiſh,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguiſh?
Where each old poetic Mountain
Inſpiration breath'd around:
Ev'ry ſhade and hallow'd Fountain
Murmur'd deep a ſolemn ſound:
Till the ſad Nine in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnaſſus for the Latian plains.
Alike they ſcorn the pomp of tyrant-Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty ſpirit loſt,
They ſought, oh Albion! next thy ſea-encircled coaſt.

### III. 1.

Far from the ſun and ſummer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon ſtray'd,
To Him the mighty Mother did unveil

Her aweful face: The dauntleſs Child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and ſmiled.
This pencil take (ſhe ſaid) whoſe colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too theſe golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horrour that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the ſacred ſource of ſympathetic Tears.

### III. 2.

Nor ſecond He, that rode ſublime
Upon the ſeraph-wings of Extaſy,
The ſecrets of th' Abyſs to ſpy.
He paſs'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
The living Throne, the ſaphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He ſaw; but blaſted with exceſs of light,
Cloſed his eyes in endleſs night.
Behold, where Dryden's leſs preſumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two Courſers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-reſounding ſpace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts, that breath, and words, that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more-----------
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear
Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muſe's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:
Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his diſtant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far----but far above the Great.

*THE following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that* EDWARD THE FIRST, *when he compleated the conqueſt of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.*

G.R. III.

# ODE II.

## I. 1.

‘RUIN ſeize thee, ruthleſs King!
‘ Confuſion on thy banners wait,
‘ Tho’ fann’d by Conqueſt’s crimſon wing
‘ They mock the air with idle ſtate.
‘ Helm, nor Hauberk’s twiſted mail,
‘ Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, ſhall avail
‘ To ſave thy ſecret ſoul from nightly fears,
‘ From Cambria’s curſe, from Cambria’s tears!’
Such were the ſounds, that o’er the creſted pride
Of the firſt Edward ſcatter’d wild diſmay,
As down the ſteep of Snowdon’s ſhaggy ſide
He wound with toilſome march his long array.
Stout Gloſter ſtood aghaſt in ſpeechleſs trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch’d his quiv’ring lance.

### I. 2.

On a rock, whoſe haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the ſable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet ſtood;
(Looſe his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a Maſter's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep ſorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant-oak, and deſert cave,
'Sighs to the torrent's aweful voice beneath!
'O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
'Revenge on thee in hoarſer murmurs breath;
'Vocal no more, ſince Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoel's harp, or ſoft Llewellyn's lay.

### I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That huſh'd the ſtormy main:

‘ Brave Urien ſleeps upon his craggy bed :
‘ Mountains, ye mourn in vain
‘ Modred, whoſe magic ſong
‘ Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top’d head.
‘ On dreary Arvon’s ſhore they lie,
‘ Smear’d with gore, and ghaſtly pale :
‘ Far, far aloof th’ affrighted ravens ſail ;
‘ The famiſh’d Eagle ſcreams, and paſſes by.
‘ Dear loſt companions of my tuneful art,
‘ Dear, as the light, that viſits theſe ſad eyes,
‘ Ye died amidſt your dying country’s cries-----
‘ No more I weep. They do not ſleep.
‘ On yonder cliffs, a grieſly band,
‘ I ſee them ſit, they linger yet,
‘ Avengers of their native land :
‘ With me in dreadful harmony they join,
‘ And weave with bloody hands the tiſſue of thy line.

### II. I.

“ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
“ The winding-ſheet of Edward’s race.

" Give ample room, and verge enough
" The characters of hell to trace.
" Mark the year, and mark the night,
" When Severn ſhall re-eccho with affright
" The ſhrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring,
" Shrieks of an agonizing King!
" She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
" That tear'ſt the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
" From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
" The ſcourge of Heav'n. What Terrors round him [wait!
" Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
" And ſorrow's faded form, and ſolitude behind.

### II. 2.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
" Low on his funeral couch he lies!
" No pitying heart, no eye, afford
" A tear to grace his obſequies.
" Is the ſable Warriour fled?
" Thy ſon is gone. He reſts among the Dead.
" The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
" Gone to ſalute the riſing Morn.

" Fair laughs the Morn, and ſoft the Zephyr blows,
" While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
" In gallant trim the gilded Veſſel goes ;
" Youth on the prow, and Pleaſure at the helm ;
" Regardleſs of the ſweeping Whirlwind's ſway,
" That, huſh'd in grim repoſe, expects his evening-prey.

### II. 3.

" * Fill high the ſparkling bowl,
" The rich repaſt prepare,
" Reft of a crown, he yet may ſhare the feaſt :
" Cloſe by the regal chair
" Fell Thirſt and Famine ſcowl
" A baleful ſmile upon their baffled Gueſt.
" Heard ye the din of battle bray,
" Lance to lance, and horſe to horſe ?
" Long Years of havock urge their deſtined courſe,
" And thro' the kindred ſquadrons mow their way.

---

* Richard the Second, (as we are told by Archbiſhop Scroop, Thomas of Walſingham, and all the older Writers,) was ſtarved to death. The ſtory of his aſſaſſination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

" Ye Towers of Julius, London's laſting ſhame,
" With many a foul and midnight murther fed,
" Revere his Conſort's faith, his Father's fame,
" And ſpare the meek Uſurper's holy head.
" Above, below, the roſe of ſnow,
" Twined with her bluſhing foe, we ſpread :
" The briſtled Boar in infant-gore
" Wallows beneath the thorny ſhade.
" Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accurſed loom
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

### III. 2.

" Edward, lo! to ſudden fate
" (Weave we the woof. The thread is ſpun)
" * Half of thy heart we conſecrate.
" (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
' Stay, ho ſtay! nor thus forlorn
' Leave me unbleſſed, unpitied, here to mourn :

---

* Elenor of Caſtile, died a few years after the conqueſt of Wales. The heroic proof ſhe gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and ſorrow for the loſs of her, are ſtill to be ſeen in ſeveral parts of England.

‘ In yon bright track, that fires the weſtern ſkies,
‘ They melt, they vaniſh from my eyes.
‘ But oh! what ſolemn ſcenes on Snowdon's height
‘ Deſcending ſlow their glitt'ring ſkirts unroll?
‘ Viſions of glory, ſpare my aching ſight,
‘ Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my ſoul!
‘ No more our long-loſt Arthur we bewail.
‘ All-hail*, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's Iſſue, hail!

### III. 2.

‘ Girt with many a Baron bold
‘ Sublime their ſtarry fronts they rear;
‘ And gorgeous Dames, and Stateſmen old
‘ In bearded majeſty, appear.
‘ In the midſt a Form divine!
‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;
‘ Her lyon-port, her awe-commanding face,
‘ Attemper'd ſweet to virgin-grace.

---

* Acceſſion of the Line of Tudor.

'What ſtrings ſymphonious tremble in the air,
'What ſtrains of vocal tranſport round her play!
'Hear from the grave, great Talieſſin [*], hear;
'They breath a ſoul to animate thy clay.
'Bright Rapture calls, and ſoaring, as ſhe ſings,
'Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

### III. 3.

'The verſe adorn again
'Fierce War, and faithful Love,
'And Truth ſevere, by fairy Fiction dreſt.
'In buſkin'd meaſures move
'Pale Grief, and pleaſing Pain,
'With Horrour, Tyrant of the throbbing breaſt.
'A Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
'Gales from blooming Eden bear;
'And diſtant warblings leſſen on my ear,
'That loſt in long futurity expire.

---

[*] Talieſſin, Chief of the Bards, flouriſh'd in the VIth Century. His works are ſtill preſerved, and his memory held in high veneration among his Countrymen.

‘ Fond impious Man, think’ſt thou, yon ſanguine [cloud,
‘ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the Orb of day ?
‘ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
‘ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
‘ Enough for me : With joy I ſee
‘ The different doom our Fates aſſign.
‘ Be thine Deſpair, and ſcept’red Care,
‘ To triumph, and to die, are mine.’
He ſpoke, and headlong from the mountain’s height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung’d to endleſs night.

*FINIS.*

[illegible]